252 In the Tapirapé barbecues, the height at which the grille is fastened varies with its different functions. It is placed low to [251] roast meat or fish, and higher to dry it.

171 The pot is held by three stones laid around the fire, as I also 252 noted among the Karajá and as Koch-Grünberg (2, III, 48) ob- [354] served among the Taulipáng of the Rio Branco basin. What Karl von den Steinen (2, 215) said of the Xingu Indians, that is: "The men roasted [meat], but never boiled it," may be said also of the Tapirapé and of numerous other South American tribes (cf. Baldus 7, 142 and Koch-Grünberg 2, III, 91, 335, 351). Speaking of the Karajá, Krause (2, 253) amends this rule with the fact that "the men also know how to boil [meat]," as they show on trips whenever necessary. This cannot be said of the Tapirapé. They do [481] not carry pots on their journeys since they go on foot, while those Indians travel by canoe and therefore can take along with them heavy and breakable cooking utensils. Aside from this, the 252 division of labor is so strict among the sexes that the Tapirapé man, 462 if for some reason he does not have a wife, misses her simply from the fact that he cannot eat stew unless he is willing to take it from other families. On the other hand, the roasting of large animals is usually done by the men. It is only when game is killed close to the village that in some cases the women barbecue it. [Ed., a paragraph is omitted.]

•124 With the aim of setting up a Tapirapé zoological vocabulary, and also of finding out which animals were eaten by the inhabitants of Tampiitáua or by certain groups among them, I repeatedly showed to numerous persons of different ages and sex the figures in Rodolpho von Ihering s book entitled Da vida dos nossos animais. Fauna do Brasil [The Habits of Our Animals. Brazilian Fauna] (Rotermund & Co., São Leopoldo, 1934). This gave them much pleasure, and I recommend this method to Indianists as a way of establishing rapport. It also makes rather strict controls possible, since each animal is identified by several if not by numerous experts, and its name is pronounced several times by many individuals. Of course, a single look is not always sufficient for the Indian to recognize the animal represented. It is often necessary to [117:93] add comments about its size, color, motions, cry, and habits. Concerning certain insects, for example, the size of the

124 pictures is much larger than the original, while the opposite applies to most other animals. It is especially difficult to identify various kinds of fish which vary considerably in actual size.

128 I shall transcribe from Rodolpho von Ihering's book the colloquial and scholarly names, while sometimes omitting that of the species. Most of the errors which I have probably committed in spite of this precaution will thus, I hope, easily be corrected by zoologists. It is well to call the attention of those who study [825] the geographic distribution of animals to the fact that the Tapirapé are not familiar with the species represented by R. von Ihering and omitted from the following list, for I showed them all the figures in the book. [Ed., three paragraphs are omitted.]

[Tr., the following list is summarized from the original text, and omissions have not been indicated. To avoid confusion, it should be emphasized that the first name listed is the Tapirapé term. Its translation is given in Portuguese when there is no English equivalent or it is uncertain, and in most cases the Brazilian term is of Tupi derivation.]

MAMMALS

136 (1) anyrá -- bats in general. Not eaten.

262 (2) tatu -- hairy six banded armadillo (Euphractus sexcinctus). Eaten by men. [117:94] The Tapirapé were not familiar with the nine-banded armadillo (Dasypus novemcinctus) in Fig. 15.

(3) tamanua -- great anteater (Myrmecophaga jubata). Eaten.

(4) tamanduá-beva -- small anteater (Tamandua tetradactylus). Eaten by men and youths, not by boys or women.

(5) chingó -- sloth (species of the Bradypodidae family). Not eaten. The Tapirapé word may arouse doubts, for it differs completely from the Tupi term mentioned by numerous authors.

(6) tapidjí -- tapiti (Tr., a small hare-like rodent] (Sylvilagus minensis). Eaten by grown men. R. von Ihering's Fig. 19.

(7) kuanohó -- rat (a species). They used this name for the wild rat (Axymycterus nasutus) in Fig. 20, as well as the coypu [117:95] (Myocastor coypus) in Fig. 22. Considering the great

13: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940,1953) 1964
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requited by gifts of beads, hardware, and salt which I provided judiciously from time to time. After a few days, I began noting questions to be asked of Champukwi in the late afternoon when he now habitually visited our house. But this was the time that others also liked to visit. At this hour of the day our house was often crowded with men, women, children, and even pets—monkeys, parrots, and wild pigs—for which the Tapirapé along with other Brazilian tribes have an especial fondness. Such social gatherings were hardly conducive to the ethnological interview or even to the systematic recording of vocabulary. So I asked Champukwi if I might go with him to his garden. There, alternating between helping him cut brush from his garden site and sitting in the shade, I was able to conduct a kind of haphazard interview. Often, while he worked, I formulated questions in my halting Tapirapé and I was able by repetition to understand his answers. Although the Tapirapé villagers began to joke of Champukwi's new garden site as belonging to the two of us, these days were very valuable for my research.

Walking through the forest to and from Champukwi's garden, we often hunted for *jacu*, a large forest fowl rather like a chicken. I attempted to teach Champukwi how to use my .22 rifle, but he had difficulty understanding the gunsights and missed continually. He attempted to show me how to "see" the *jacu* hidden in the thick branches of the trees, but I seldom caught sight of the birds until they had flown. Thus, our complementary incapacities combined to make our hunting in the tropical forest quite unproductive, and in disgust Champukwi often resorted to his bow and arrow. Only later in the year, after he had practiced a great deal by shooting at tin cans did Champukwi master the use of the rifle, and this new-found skill greatly added to his prestige among the Tapirapé.

My abiding friendship with Champukwi perhaps really began when I came down with malaria about six weeks after our arrival. During the first few days of my illness, I was oblivious to my surroundings. I am told that while one *panché*, or medicine man, predicted my death, another tried to cure me by massage, by blowing tobacco smoke over my body, and by attempting to suck out the "object" that was causing the fever. Evidently his efforts—plus the atabrine tablets administered by Valentim Gomes—were successful, for my fever abated. I realized, however, that convalescence would be slow. Unable to leave the house for almost three weeks, I spent my days

and evenings suspended in a large Brazilian hammock. In this state of enervation, I must have been the very picture of the languid white man in the tropics. Each late afternoon our house became a gathering place for the Tapirapé villagers, who came not only to visit with me (communication was still difficult) but also with each other, and to gaze upon the belongings of the *tori* (non-Indian). My illness proved to be a boon for ethnographic research. People were more patient with the sick anthropologist than with the well one. They told stories, not only for my benefit, but also to entertain each other. In attempting to explain to me about a mythological culture hero, a man would find himself telling a myth to the attending audience. Thus, I heard (and saw) Tapirapé stories told as they should be—as dramatic forms spoken with vivacity and replete with mimicry of the animals that are so often characters in these folktales. With my still imperfect knowledge of Tapirapé I inevitably lost the thread of the story and it had to be retold to me more slowly.

Champukwi was a frequent visitor during these days of my convalescence. He came each morning on the way to his garden and he became accustomed to drinking morning coffee with us. And, each late afternoon after he had returned from his garden, he came "to talk"—often slowly retelling the stories and incidents that I had difficulty understanding the evening before. Several days during this period he did not work in his garden but sat for two or three hours talking. He learned when he should pause or repeat a phrase or sentence in order that I might take notes. He came to understand what writing meant, discovering that what I wrote in my notebook I could repeat to him later. In time he appreciated the fact that I was not so much interested in learning the Tapirapé language as I was in comprehending the Tapirapé way of life. As so often is the case when a person understands and speaks a foreign language poorly, one communicates best with but a single person who is accustomed to one's mistakes and one's meager vocabulary. Thus, I could understand and make myself understood to Champukwi better than any other Tapirapé. Moreover, because he spent long hours in our house, he was learning Portuguese from Valentim Gomes, and this was an aid in helping me translate newly learned words and phrases in Tapirapé and even helped me understand his explanations of Tapirapé culture patterns. Champukwi thus consciously became my teacher, and others came to realize that he was teaching me. During

the next two months we had daily sessions, some very brief and others lasting two or more hours.

In October of 1939, some six months after my arrival, I found it necessary to leave the Village of the Tapirs to go to Furo de Pedra for supplies and to collect mail that was held there for me. Valentim Gomes and I had come up the Tapirapé River, a tributary of the Araguaia, pulled by an outboard motor belonging to an anthropological colleague who had since returned to the United States. Now we had to paddle ourselves downstream. We could expect little help from the sluggish current and since the river was so low, it might be necessary to haul our canoe through shallows. Malaria had left me weak and I doubted that I was equal to this strenuous task. Several Tapirapé men, including Champukwi, were anxious to accompany us, but having Indians with us in Furo de Pedra was not advisable. First, they were susceptible to the common cold, which among relatively uncontaminated peoples such as these American aborigines often turns into a serious, and even fatal, disease. Second, unaccustomed to clothes, money, many foods, and other Brazilian customs and forms of etiquette, they would be totally dependent upon us during our stay in this frontier community. Nevertheless, the temptation to have my best informant with me during the trip and during our stay in Furo de Pedra was great and so we agreed to take Champukwi.

The trip was made slowly. Two good frontiersmen in a light canoe could have made it in three days, but we took eight. Champukwi was of little help in the canoe; unlike the riverine tribes the Tapirapé are a forest people who know little about the water, and few of them had ever traveled by canoe. Champukwi was unusual in that he could swim. Although he had more endurance than I, his efforts at paddling endangered the equilibrium of our canoe. However, he could shoot fish with his bow and arrow. The dry season had driven game from the open savanna which borders the Tapirapé River so that we were able to kill deer, *mutum* (another species of large forest fowl), and a wild goose to supplement the less palatable fare we had brought with us. Each night we camped on a beach from which we were able to collect the eggs of a small turtle, the *tracaja*, that had been buried in the sand. Only the mosquitoes which swarmed during sundown and early evening marred our trip. The experience remains one of the most memorable

in this respect. According to Champukwi's own report, he tried *cachaça* only once in Furo de Pedra and (quite normally) found it distasteful and unpleasant. Yet there were moments that were awkward at the time however humorous they seem in retrospect. One day when I bought several dozen oranges in the street, Champukwi calmly removed the trousers that had been provided for him and made a sack to carry home the oranges by tying up the legs. In Furo de Pedra, he often went nude in the house we had rented for our stay. Even the Brazilian woman who came to prepare our meals became more or less accustomed to his nakedness, but sometimes he forgot to dress before sallying forth into the street. The rural Brazilian diet, derived in large measure from native Indian foods, seemed to please Champukwi, but he could not be comfortable eating at the table. He preferred during meals to sit across the room on a low stool.

Champukwi's reaction to this rural form of Brazilian civilization was not childlike in any way. He in turn became an ethnologist. He wanted to see the gardens that provided the food for so many people (Furo de Pedra had hardly more than 400 people at that time). He was fascinated by the sewing machines with which he saw the women working. He attended the Catholic ceremonies held in the little chapel. He saw pairs of men and women dance face to face in semblance of an intimate embrace. About these and other strange customs he had many questions. But like the inquisitive anthropologist who had come to live in his village, his own curiosity sometimes became obtrusive. He peered into the homes of people and sometimes entered uninvited. And he followed the Brazilian women to their rather isolated bathing spot in the Araguaia River to discover if there were any anatomical differences between these women and those in his village. He even made sexual advances to Brazilian women, actions which, if he had known, were very dangerous in view of the jealous zeal with which Brazilian males protect the honor of their wives and daughters. On the whole, however, Champukwi became quite a favorite of the local Brazilians during his two week visit to Furo de Pedra. His Portuguese improved while he visited in their homes, and he collected simple presents, such as fish hooks, bottles, tin cans, and the like, to take home with him. Even during this short period away from the village, my work with him continued. He told me of antagonisms, gossip, and schisms in the

Tapirapé village which he would have hesitated to relate on home grounds. He told me of adulterous affairs in process and of the growing determination among one group of kinsmen to assassinate Urukumu, the powerful medicine man, because they suspected him of performing death-dealing sorcery.

After two weeks in Furo de Pedra, I found that it would be necessary for Valentim Gomes and me to go to Rio de Janeiro. It was not possible for Champukwi to accompany us and so I arranged for two Brazilian frontiersmen to return him to a point on the Tapirapé River from which he could easily hike to his village in a day. Valentim and I then began our slow trip up the Araguaia River to the motor road and thence to Rio de Janeiro. Two months later, rid of malaria and with a new stock of supplies, we returned to spend the long rainy months from November until the end of May in the Village of the Tapirs. Champukwi was there to welcome us, and he came each day to help repair and enlarge our house. We easily fell into our former friendly relationship, now strengthened by the experience in common of the trip to Furo de Pedra and by the feeling which many anthropologists have shared with the people of their communities—that anyone who returns is an "old friend."

My return to the village that November marked, in a sense, the end of what might be called the first phase of my relationship with Champukwi as friend and as anthropological informant. During the course of at least 200 hours of conversation (many of which may be methodologically dignified as interviews), I had learned much about Champukwi as a person as well as about Tapirapé culture. I knew that as a small boy he had come from Fish Village, where his parents had died, to live in the Village of the Tapirs. He had lived with his father's younger brother, Kamaira, who was the leader of a large household. He even confided to me his boyhood name; Tapirapé change their names several times during their lifetimes and mention of a person's first childhood name, generally that of a fish, an animal, or simply descriptive of some personal characteristic, causes laughter among the audience and considerable embarrassment to the individual. I knew that Champukwi had been married before he took his current wife, and that his first wife had died in childbirth. He revealed that her kinsmen had gossiped that her death was caused by his lack of respect for the food taboos imposed

When the heavy rains of late December and January set in, we were all more or less confined to the village as the rivers and streams rose to flood the savanna. What had been brooks in the tropical forest became wide streams, difficult, and sometimes dangerous, to ford. It rained many hours each day. The Tapirapé women and children spent most of the time in their dwellings, and the men and older boys lounged in the men's house. Our house again became a meeting place. And as this was of course an opportune time for interviewing, I joined the men in their club or entertained visitors at home. I began to see more of Champukwi—first, in the men's house and then as he again became a regular visitor at our house. Now, he brought his new (and younger) wife with him. He liked to sit up with us late at night after the other Tapirapé visitors had retired to their dwellings or to the men's house for the night-long sings that are customary during the season of heavy rains. Under the light of our gasoline lamp, we again took up our study of Tapirapé culture. Not once did he mention his period of antagonism except to complain that the Tapirapé gossip too much.

Sometime late in January there began what might be considered the second phase of my relationship with Champukwi. Our friendship was no less intimate than before, but our conversations and more formal interviews were not now as frequent. During the next months, Champukwi became almost my assistant, an entrepreneur of Tapirapé culture. He continued to provide invaluable information, but when I became interested in a subject of which he knew little, he would recommend that I talk to someone else. Though he directed me to Urukumu on the subject of medicine men or shamans, Champukwi himself related dreams he had heard other shamans tell. He explained that he did not want to become a shaman himself, for he had seen grieved relatives beat out the brains of Tapirapé shamans whom they suspected of causing a death by sorcery. He was not certain, he said, whether such shamans had actually performed sorcery, but he reasoned that any shaman might come to such an end. Champukwi did have the frequent dreams that are indicative of one's powers to become a shaman and, in some of his dreams, he saw *anchunga*, the ghosts and supernaturals who are the aids of shamans. He had told only one or two of his kinsmen about this, and he did not want it to be known throughout the village lest there be pressure on him to train for shamanism.

13: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940, 1953) 1964
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Champukwi of the Village of the Tapir.

Champukwi sketched for me the stories of Petura, the Tapirapé ancestral hero who stole fire from the King Vulture, daylight from the night owl, *genipa* (used for dye) from the monkeys, and other items for the Tapirapé. However, he persuaded Maeumi, an elder famous for his knowledge of mythology, to relate the details although he himself helped considerably to clarify for me the meaning of native phrases and to make the stories told by Maeumi more fully understandable. Champukwi also forewarned me of events that I might want to witness, events that without his warning I might have missed. Such were the wrestling matches which took place upon the return of a hunting party between those men who went on the hunt and those who remained at home. He told me of a particularly handsome basket a man had made, which I might want to add to my collection for the Brazilian National Museum. He came to tell me that a young woman in a neighboring house was in labor, thus enabling me to get a photograph of the newborn infant being washed in the stream, and he urged the men to celebrate for my benefit a ceremony which might easily have been omitted. Champukwi was no longer merely an informant. He became a participant in ethnographic research although, of course, he never thought of it in these terms. He seemed somehow to understand the anthropologist's task in studying his culture, and in the process he gained considerable objectivity about his own way of life.

Yet it must be said that Champukwi did not seem to discredit the norms, institutions, and beliefs of his own people. Although he saw Valentim and me walk safely down the path through the forest late at night, he steadfastly refused to do the same; for the path was a favorite haunt of the lonely ghosts of deceased Tapirapé who might harm the living. He reasoned that the *tori* were probably immune to this danger. When he was ill, he took the pills we urged upon him but he also called in the shaman. His curiosity about airplanes, automobiles, and "gigantic canoes" (passenger boats) which he saw pictured in the magazines we had brought with us, was great; but he boasted that the Tapirapé could walk farther and faster than any *tori* or even the Caraja (who are a canoe people). In fact, his interest in, and enthusiasm for, certain Tapirapé activities seemed to be heightened by our presence. Almost all Tapirapé ceremonials involve choral singing and Champukwi was a singing leader of one of the sections of the men's societies. He was always pleased when